THE TRUE EFFIGIES OF THE Monster of Malmesbury: OR, *THOMAS HOBBES* IN HIS PROPER COLOURS.

LONDON, Printed in the Year, 1680.

Coll. 43
7128 18

TO THE

READER.

I Desire thou shouldst understand that the Author of the following Verses against Mr. *Hobbes*, about Twenty Years since conceived that *Indignation* against him, and that *Hatred* of his *Illogical* and *Atheistical Genius* which he has here Expresst, and that he Avers that it is both the *Effect* of the DARKNESSE of this Mans *Heart*, and the *Cause* of the *Encrease* of it, that he holds that there cannot be *an Idea of an Infinite Being*. I cannot think of any other of his wicked Conceits, but what has been a-

bundantly confuted by one or other of his Learned Adverſaries; but I have not obſerved that this hath been taken notice of by any one except *Des Cartes*; wherefore I ſhall deſire the Ingenious Reader to beſtow his utmoſt *Intention* on theſe Words, which the Author of theſe Verſes delivered in a Diſcourſe to a great Auditory about ſeven years ſince: But my hardeſt Task is yet behind, *viz.* to Prove, as to a ſtubborn Atheiſt, that there is a GOD. Many men declare that they have in their minds the *Idea* or Notion of GOD, that is to ſay, of a Being Abſolutely Infinite: I ſay many men declare that they have the *Idea* of this Being, therefore certainly there is ſuch a Being. How, may ſome ſay? This is a fine Argument indeed; It is ſo, becauſe Many Men think it is ſo. Why may not that which you call an *Idea* of GOD, be nothing elſe but a meer Conceit or Figment of the Mind. To this we anſwer, that we undertake to *Demonſtrate* that it is not a meer Conceit, *&c.* which we apprehend under theſe *Terms*, A Being Abſolutely Infinite. If it were a meer Conceit, an *Ens Rationis*, or Empty Notion, then this Propoſition would be True: Some meer Conceit or Figment of the Mind is That which the Mind may Apprehend under theſe Terms, A Being, *&c.* But that we Prove to be Falſe, thus; That which 'tis poſſible for the Mind to comprehend

hend, and to know for certain that 'tis nothing else but what it works or frames to it self, is not That which the Mind may Apprehend under these Terms, A Being Absolutely Infinite.

Every meer Conceit, *Ens Rationis*, or Figment of the Mind is that which 'tis possible for the Mind to comprehend, &c. therefore No meer Conceit, &c. is That which the Mind may Apprehend under these Terms, A Being Absolutely Infinite. By these Words 'tis possible *for the Mind to comprehend*, I mean, As to the Utmost Extent of its Natural Capacity: not but that it may be Impossible for the Mind by reason of some *Accidental* Defect to *Comprehend* its own Operation: Absolutely Infinite plainly implies All Excellency and Perfection that we can Understand, and That which Infinitely Transcends our Understanding. We know nothing more certainly than this, that Our *Holy One* is Incomprehensible: τὸ γὰρ αὐτὸ (Θεὸν) καταλαμβάνον ἡ ἈΠΕΙΡΙΑ, sayes that Incomparable Divine St. *Gregory Nazianzen*,

And now I shall demonstrate to *All Christians* that there is an *Idea*, or Notion of God in the Minds of All men: And by this it will appear that 'tis very Indiscreet (not to say Wicked) for any Christian so slight this Argument for the Conviction of the Madness of Atheism. I do not wonder to see it slighted by that *Monster*, the Father of the *Leviathan*, or by his

Friend

Friend *Gaſſendus*, who has ſuch Abominable Groſs Conceits of the Deity, that 'twould look like a kind of Prophaneneſs to mention them in *Engliſh* before ſuch a Promiſcuous Auditory. But this I ſhall ſay in ſcorn of thoſe *Ugly things* which this *New Philoſopher*, and *New Divine* has written in oppoſition to *Des Cartes*; that it is not ſtrange that he who writes the Life of *Gaſſendus*, ſayes of *Hobbes*, that he was *Gaſſendo chariſſimus*, But let theſe men, and the Admirers of their rare *Metaphyſicks* Prate what they pleaſe, we know & are aſſur'd that theſe words were dictated to St. *Paul* by the *Holy Ghoſt*, *Rom.* 1. 15. *Which ſhew the work of the Law written in their hearts.* He ſpeaks of the *Gentiles*, *which have not the Law*, that is, (ſays the truly Learned, and Pious Doctor *Hammond*) *which have not that* Revelation *of Gods Will and Law which the Jews had.* By the *work of the Law* we underſtand *That which the Law* Requires *to be done*, which our Saviour reduces to theſe Two Heads, *Thou ſhalt love the Lord thy God*, &c. *And thy Neighbour as thy ſelf.* What can be more evident than this, that in the *work of the Law written in the Hearts of Men* there is implied an Idea, or Notion of God? ſith the *Principal* work of the Law is, To Love God, which *Pythagoras*, and his Followers declare to be Written in their Hearts by that celebrated Saying of theirs ἕπου θεῷ, *Follow God.* What a ſhame is it for any Chriſtian not

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to Reflect upon the Brightneſs of his own Soul, Illuſtrated by this Splendid Notion of the Deity, ſo as to deſpiſe All the Glories of this periſhing World! *But, alas, the* Perverſeneſs *of our Wills* averts *our Underſtanding from reflecting on its own Light. Shine upon us, we beſeech thee,* O Father of Lights, *in the Face of* JESUS CHRIST, *the* Brightneſs of thy Glory, *that in thy Light we may ſee Light.*

Here I ſhall mind you of thoſe Two Sacred Arguments to Demonſtrate the Deity, which the Pſalmiſt uſes in Pſ. 19. *to wit, the Light of the Viſible World, and the Purity of the Law of* GOD, *that Spiritual Light that proceeds from the* Sun of Righteouſneſs, *the Sun of the Inviſible World, Pſal.* 19. 1, 2, 3, *&c.* The Apoſtle ſayes expreſly, Rom. 1. 20. *The Inviſible things of him from the Creation of the World are clearly ſeen, being underſtood by the things that are made, even his Eternal Power and Godhead. And as for the Law of God, the* Holy Scriptures, *whoſoever reads them with All Diligence, and compares what he Reads with what he* Sees *in the World, and what he often* Feels *in his own Soul, he will certainly cry out with the Bleſſed Pſalmiſt,* Verily there is a Reward for the Righteous; verily he is a God that Judgeth in the Earth.

And now I ſhall mention another of Mr. *Hobbes's* wicked Conceits, that thou maiſt more clearly perceive the *Juſtice* of that vehement *Indignation* I have againſt him. In his late *Pamphlet* entiuled *An Hiſtori-*

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eal *Narrative concerning Hereſie*, p. 11. He ſhews that he would fain have this Doctrine go for a piece of POPERY, *viz.* That a mans Will and Purpoſe to commit Sin, does not proceed from God, but originally from himſelf or from the Devil. Unhappy man, who endeavours ſo plainly and openly to ſtain the Glory of the HOLY ONE! and to *Reconcile us* to Sin, the *Only Abſolute* EVIL! For he can never Rationally conclude that Sin deſerves our utmoſt Hatred, who has a Conceit that it Proceeds from GOD. The *Spring* and Original of all Sin is *SELF-WILL*, Sin being an *Averſion* from GOD, whilſt the Will of the Creature Affects It ſelf, and not the Will of the Creator, as the *Prime Motive* in its Tendency or Inclination. Mr. *Hobbes* may call this *Non-ſenſe*, or what he pleaſes; but he ſhall quickly Know that 'tis a Truth of the greateſt Importance. I grant that He has a very Elegant Style both in *Engliſh* and *Latine*, Proſe and Verſe: But his *Leviathan*, and other Books of his are ſo full of *Madneſs* and *Folly*, that 'tis impoſſible they ſhould be ſo *Taking* as they are, but that the *Practices* of ſo Many even of them that have Named the Name of CHRIST, are ſo Agreeable to His *Notions*. But the time draws on apace when He & his Followers ſhall Know that the LORD *our God* will not be Mocked, and that he will Hear the Voice of his Church, crying unto him, *Ariſe, O God, plead thine own Cauſe, remember how the Fooliſh man Reproacheth thee daily.*

To

Mr. COWLEY's VERSES

In PRAISE of

MR. HOBBES,

OPPOS'D;

By a Lover of Truth and Virtue.

Idcirco Virtus medio jacet obruta cœno:
Nequitiæ claſſes candida vela ferunt.

Εἰη μήποτέ μοι τοι-
--ὗτον ἤθος Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἀλλὰ κελεύθοις
Ἁπλόαις ζοᾶς ἐφαπτόμεναι——
——Αἰτέων Αἰνητὰ, Μομ-
——φὰν δ' ὀπιπτεύων Ἀλίγοις.

Sint nunquam mihi tales
Mores *Jupiter Pater*: ſed viis
Simplicibus vitæ inſiſtam——
Laudans Laudanda, Vituperiumque
Inſpergens Improbis.
PIND. NEM. ODE VIII.

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Laudans Laudanda, Vituperiumque
Inspergens Improbis.

PIND. NEM. ODE VIII.

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To Mr. HOBBES

(1)

VAſt Bodies of Philoſophy
I oft have ſeen, and read,
But all are Bodies dead,
Or Bodies by Art faſhioned:
I never yet the Living Soul could ſee
But in thy Books, and thee.
'Tis only God can know
Whether the fair Idea *thou doſt ſhow,*
Agree entirely with his own, or no.
This I dare boldly tell,
'Tis ſo like Truth 'twill ſerve our turn as well:
*Juſt as in * Nature thy* Proportions be,
As full of Concord *their* Varietie;
As firm the parts upon their Center *reſt,*
And all ſo Solid are, that they at leaſt
As much as Nature, Emptineſs deteſt.

What Bodies of Philoſophie
You oft have ſeen, and read,
I wiſh you had but mentioned,
Wee'd judge if they're alive, or dead:
We cannot judge before we Trye.
The *Morals* of the *Stagirite*
Are *Stars* which to th' Dark World gave Light,
But *Hobbes* by his would turn our Day to Night.
Great *Zenophon*, and *Plato*, who relate,
How *Socrates* embrac'd his Fate,
And all the Brave *Socratick Race*,
Whoſe *Monuments* Time can't deface,
Shall live, when *Hobbes* ſhall have his Doom,
So *Lie as dead*, as doth TOM THUMB:
Good Men his Knavery ſpie:
His Books contain ſome Truths, and many a Lie,
Some Truths *well known*, *but ſtrange* Impiety.
*Stay! ſtay! where now fond *Lad!*
Thy Wit thus ſtrain'd, Thou'rt ten times worſe than (*Mad.*
What's Nature but the Ordinary way
Wherein our Good Creator doth diſplay
His *Power*, and *Wiſdom* in the things he *made*
For his own *Goodneſs ſake?* Man's not a *Shade*,
But *utter Darkneſs*, whilſt he *acts alone*,
Whilſt his works are *not natures*; but *his own*.
What! *Hobbes*, and *Nature* thus to *parallel!*
What's this but to *confront* Bright *Heaven* with *Hell!*
So doth the Poets wit ſuit with his *Theme*:
He that will *Hobbes* Applaud muſt firſt *Blaſpheme*.

Long

(2)

Long did the mighty Stagirite *retain*
The universal Intellectual Reign,
Saw his own Countrys short-liv'd Leopard slain;
The stronger Roman Eagle *did outsly,*
Oftner renew'd his Age, and saw that Dye.
Mecha *it self in spight of* Mahomet *possest,*
And chas'd by a wild Deluge from the East,
His Monarchy new planted in the West.
But as in time each great Imperial Race
Degenerates, and gives some new one place:
So did this Noble Empire wast,
Sunk by degrees from Glories past,
And in the School-mens *hands perisht quite at last.*
Then nought, but words it grew,
And those all Barbarous too.
It perisht, and it vanisht there,
The Life and Soul breath'd out, became but empty Air.

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(2)

The Empire of the *Stagarites* sublime and piercing wit,
(Thoth'Empire both of *Greece*, and *Rome*
Time did long since or'ecome) (submit;
Shall ne're decay, but men shall still to its vast Power
For All well-order'd thoughts must go
*W*ithin the Compass of those Rules, which his great
Our *HARVEY*, whose bright Fame (Art did shew.
So *Dazel'd* Envies Eye, that she

Could

could never see
The least Pretence to lessen his Great Name,
Even He commends the *Stagirite*
To all Posterity,
As one that had a Clear Insight
Into the Secret ways of Natures *Majesty*.
'Tis true he fail'd in that he did not see
That *things Successive* could not be
From all *Eternitie:*
But yet he saw
That this is Natures Law,
That all things must depend on him alone,
Who gives to all things Motion, though himself has none,
Who Is, and Was, and Ever shall Be ONE
In *all Simplicitie*,
From *Composition*, and from *Alteration* free:
To whom may all true Praise be given
In Earth, as 'tis in Heaven.

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(3)

The Fields which answered well the Antients Plow,
Spent and out-worn return no Harvest *now*,
In Barren Age wild, and unglorious lie
And boast of past Fertilitie,
The poor relief of present Poverty.
Food, and Fruit we now must want,
Unless New Lands *we* plant.
We break up Tombs with Sacrilegious hands;
Old Rubbish *we remove,*
To walk in Ruines *like vain* Ghosts *we love,*
And with fond Divining Wands
We search among the Dead,

For

For Treaſures Buried,
Whilſt ſtill the liberal Earth does hold
So many Virgin Mines *of* undiſcovered Gold.

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(3)

That in this Age Men don't their Thoughts confine
Within the Line
Of what Judicious *Ariſtotle* ſaid;
Nor are his Works ſo *commented,*
As they were in thoſe Days;
They don't hereby detract from his Great Praiſe.
Sith they walk in thoſe ways,
To which his mighty *Genius led.*
His *Commendation* was not this, that he
Did ſhew the Truth of this, or that *Particularitie;*
But that he ſhew'd the way to clear our Thought,
That every Man might *find* that Truth, which ſhould
(by him be *ſought.*

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(4)

The Baltic, Euxin, *and the* Caſpian,
And ſlender limb'd Mediterranean
Seem Narrow Creeks *to* Thee, *and only fit*
For the poor wretched Fiſher-Boats of Wit:
Thy Nobler Veſſel the vaſt Ocean *tries,*
And nothing ſees but Seas *and* Skies,
Till unknown Regions *it deſcries.* (phies,
Thou great Columbus *of the* Golden Lands of New Philoſo-
Thy Task was harder much than his;
For thy learn'd America *is*

Not

Not only found out first by thee,
And rudely left to future Industry;
But thy Eloquence, and thy Wit
Has planted, peopled, built, and civilized *it.*

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(3)
(4)

'Tis true, thy New Philosopher has left the *Caspian*,
The *Baltic*, *Euxin*, *Mediterranean*;
The *Narrow* ways to all that *Veritie*
Which Mortals can descrie;
He Sails i'th' *Ocean* of the most *Profound Impiety*;
And from the *Coasts of Hell*
He brings those *Wares*, which he shall never sell
To any, but those dark'ned Souls, which *lie*, where *Adam fell.*
The Power of Earthly Princes he doth *foolishly pretend*
By his *fictitious Loyalty* t' extend
To larger measures; gives to Kings what's due to God alone:
Thus what he seems to make *more great*, he really makes *none:*
For sure on Earth there is *No Monarchy*,
If it consist in ABSOLUTE *Sovereignty.*
The King of Kings commands us to obey our King,
By *chearful* Doing, or by *quiet* Suffering:
He that the Power of Kings would have much higher to arise,
His King Dishonours, and his GOD he doth Despise:
Such Folk dwell in those *Colonies*,
Which *Hobbes* has planted in his *Lands of New Philosophies.*

I little thought before,
(Nor being my own self so poor,
Could comprehend so vast a store)
That all the Wardrobe *of rich* Eloquence,
Could have afforded half enuff
Of bright, of new, and lasting Stuff,
To cloath the mighty limbs *of thy* Gigantick Sense,
Thy solid Reason like the Shield *from Heaven,*
To the Trojan Heroe *given,*
Too strong to take a mark from any mortal Dart,
Yet shines with Gold, *and* Gems *in every part,*
And wonders on it grav'd by the learned hand of Art;
A Shield that gives delight
Even to the Enemies *sight,*
Then when they're sure to lose the Combat by't.

His Monstrous Thoughts may well be call'd *Gigantick*
To Heaven they fain would offer *violence*, (*Sense*,
Like those *Giants* of old
Of which the *Poets* told.
Even like *Goliath* they *Defie* (*Die*.
The Armies of the Living God, and like him too they
The Man with his *Gigantick Sense*, his mighty *Spear*
Comes forth into the Field, and *Shield*.
And for some time he Boasted there
As if he had no Cause to Fear.
His Captive-Darkned *Soul cann't see,*
What 'tis to have our Souls set free
From the Black Chains of dire NECESSITIE;
This and a Thousand Errors more
He strives to *Land* upon our Shoar.

But then the Mighty *BRAMHAL* comes, and takes his
(Arms away,
Shews that this *Painted Shield's not fit for Fight, but Play,*
Strikes down the Monſter, doth to All his *Ugly Shape* diſplay.
Then in another Field he's met by th' Mighty WARD,
And here 'twas plainly ſeen, that he could neither guard
Himſelf from being Wounded, or give Wounds;
Down ſtrait he falls, his Armour on him ſounds,
What e're his Followers ſay, he never Roſe again:
His *Ghoſt* is heard to *Rave* ſometimes, but then Bold *TOM*
was ſlain.

Nor can the Snow, *which now cold* Age *does ſhed*
Upon thy reverend Head,
Quench or allay the noble Fires *within,*
But all which thou haſt bin,
And all that Youth *can* be, *thou'rt yet,*
So fully ſtill doſt Thou
Enjoy the Manhood, *and the* Bloom *of Wit,*
And all the Natural Heat, *but not the* Feaver *too.*
So Contraries *on* Ætna's *Top conſpire*
Her hoary Froſts, and by them breaks out Fire.
A ſecure peace the faithful Neighbours *keep,*
Th' emboldned Snow *next to the* Flame *does* ſleep.
And if we weigh like Thee,
Nature, and Cauſes we ſhall ſee,
That thus it needs muſt be;
To things Immortal, Time *can do no wrong,*
And that which never is to Dye, *for ever muſt be* Young,

TOM's.

TOM's grown *Another Man*, and now himſelf betakes
To Poetry, and *Sonnets* makes
Of *Gods*, and *Goddeſſes*, and ſuch like things:
He's now the *Eccho* of what *HOMER Sings.*
If *Verſifying* be a *Sign* of *Youth*,
The Man of *Politicks* is *youthful* ſtill:
He does not here Pretend to ſhew the *Truth*,
On which Pretence how much Ink did he ſpill!
O that he had ſpent all the Time
In hard *Tranſlations*, and in *Rhyme*, (we climb.
Which he ſpent in Oppoſing *Truths*, by which to Heaven
No wonder, that Old Age, & Youth, *Ætnean* Cold, & Heat
Should Meet in Him, in whom long ſince ſuch *Contradictions*
I wiſh he may not Die *too ſoon* after ſo long a Life, (Met.
That he no longer would maintain his curſed *Strife*
,Gainſt That, which would make him repent of all's Im-
(pieties:
Leaſt his Long Life bring him i'th' End to th' WORM that
(*Never Dies.*

FINIS.